



THE New Republic

Who Is On The
“Side of Life”?

Gilbert A. Harrison

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“Lady Chatterley” At Last

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Exploring Soviet Intentions . . . *Jack Raymond*

MAY 25, 1959

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Washington Wire

Lost: \$50 Billion

THE THUD you heard is the Democrats' recession issue hitting the floor. Unemployment is still abnormal, but almost certainly we are in for prosperity that will last through the 1960 election campaign. It will make everybody feel good and aid the Republicans.

The Democrats have got a statistical argument to make. Eisenhower has given us two big and largely unnecessary recessions. Four of his six budgets have been unbalanced. If the four Eisenhower deficits are weighed against the two small surpluses (\$1.6 billion each in fiscal 1956 and 1957), the Treasury red ink for six years comes to \$20 billion. That is really a doleful record. But voters don't vote on statistics.

If we drop politics and look at the larger fiscal sum of what Eisenhower has done the picture is grim. It borders, in fact, on the frightening. Eisenhower came to Washington with a fear of inflation close to pathological. You remember he pledged to cut the budget back to "\$60 billion" in the 1952 campaign. George Humphrey took office certain the danger was inflation, as Eisenhower had preached in the campaign. Actually the 1953-54 recession had already started. The Administration rubbed its eyes, couldn't believe it, reversed itself too late: the recession lasted a year longer than necessary.

Once is bad enough but the Administration did exactly the same thing in 1957. As early as March of 1957 economists warned that a recession was starting. The Administration couldn't believe it. It didn't reverse its tight money curbs for eight months, not until mid-November. It was still obsessed with "inflation." The President's budget message of January, 1958, virtually ignored the recession. Here is a statistical measure of his misconception: he estimated the deficit for this fiscal year at only \$2.8 billion; actually it will be around \$13

billion. The verdict seems plain. Prompt action—almost any action—by Eisenhower could have limited the 1957-58 slump, probably knocked off a year of it, maybe stopped it altogether.

Well, now we are out of a recession (or nearly so) and headed for prosperity again. But prosperity under Eisenhower is like a chained dog. It leaps up, rushes off and is jerked back. The rope that grabs it is fear of inflation. The Administration places price stability ahead of full employment and exercises control through retrenchment and tight money.

Just this last week at his press conference the President gave the keynote to the whole affair. "The country is hurting itself," he proclaimed, "by too much spending." To cut back this spending he offered a budget last January almost \$4 billion less than the year before.

Every year there are 3 million more Americans. The country is growing, and expenses are growing. To a nurse or mother the problem seems simple. The child's feet are bigger — buy bigger shoes. Not to the Administration. The only way it knows to balance the budget is to cut back: make the shoe fit by cutting off the toes.

The over-all result of six years of this sort of thing is to leave a frightening gap between our rate of national growth and the Soviets. We have lost \$50 billion of production which we might have had. Some put it at \$100 billion.

The Economy Bait

THE BIZARRE THING in current Washington is that Eisenhower has actually put the Democrats on the defensive. Last November when the Democratic landslide became apparent this would have seemed unthinkable. It would have been unthinkable, we believe, if the Democratic leadership had challenged the Administration immediately on this basic "growth" issue. Instead (at least as this column sees it) Lyndon Johnson took the President's economy bait. Johnson preached economy, too. He got cheers at

the Chamber of Commerce convention here by attacking "inflation." Then he got cheers from the April 8 labor mass meeting by proposing a 60-day commission to investigate unemployment. It was a slick gimmick that is now almost forgotten.

The Democrats are, of course, making out a kind of case for growth in the spending bills they are presenting for veto. They will raise the veto issue in 1960. But Eisenhower won't be running in 1960. Nixon probably, and Rockefeller certainly, would reverse the Eisenhower non-growth policy. Rockefeller even wrote Rep. John Blatnik (D, Minn.), the other day saying he favored more federal spending to build city sewage disposal plants, an unexpected endorsement of a bill Eisenhower opposes.

The Prickly Thorn

FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT set up TVA as a "yardstick" to measure private utility charges. You can see why big business hates it. It was the first large-scale experiment in planned economy, and a candid test of socialism in the realm of public utilities. No wonder the White House, which invented the abortive Dixon-Yates deal to try to crimp TVA, is expected to veto the bill to allow TVA to issue \$750 million worth of bonds to finance its expansion. The House passed the bill last week.

The TVA thorn constantly pricks business. Recently TVA had the bad grace to expose identical bids submitted to it on three different occasions by "competitive" corporations. The bids were identical right down to the last decimal point. Example: TVA asked for bids on electrical cable. It got one price, "\$198,438.24," from the General Cable Co., Southwire Co., Aluminum Company of America, Kaiser Aluminum, Anaconda Wire, Reynolds Metal and Southern Electrical Co.

And to conclude, here's a verbatim paragraph set down in all its raw beauty from page 25 of the transcript of a prominent Washington figure at a recent press conference: "And frankly, one of our great problems today, and we need research on, is how are we going to meet these mounting costs of where any, let's say, \$25 in the hospital a day for a room, and some maybe \$60 a day for nurses, to say nothing of the operational and the loss of income and all that sort of thing."

T.R.B.

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Summer Schedule

FOR A short time each summer, *The New Republic* is published every other week. This year, summer issues will be dated July 6, July 13, July 27, August 10 and August 24. Weekly publication will be resumed on September 7.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Toward a Test Ban

THERE IS MORE than one path to the Summit, and if the route marked "German settlement" is blocked, the path marked "test-ban agreement" may open up. The fact that Christian Herter once complained to John Foster Dulles of having too little responsibility in his old job as Under-Secretary of State may be a material help in coming to terms with the Russians on a nuclear test ban. The new Secretary of State's protest is reported to have inspired his assignment to supervise the negotiations which began in Geneva last November. As a result he is now informed and concerned enough about this highly complex question to be able to take the lead, as he has done at Geneva, to involve the foreign ministers of all three nuclear nations directly in the test-ban discussions.

Ambassador James Wadsworth, who represents the US in these negotiations, was quoted last weekend as saying, "I honestly believe the Russians want a treaty." And observers in Geneva believe that the Russians were encouraged in the same belief by the recent unanimous action of the Senate in endorsing US efforts to reach agreement on a ban. Both sides have given sufficient ground recently to add to this impression. And a next step under consideration could provide a graceful way to the additional concessions each side wishes to exact.

It now seems probable that another conference of experts, comparable to the one last year which preceded the present political discussions, will be held shortly. East and West agree in theory that the answer to the sticky problem of on-the-spot inspection of suspected nuclear tests lies in determining how many of such inspections are required. How many inspections depend on how much detection methods can be improved. And that, in turn, depends on what scientists can deduce from the latest data from underground and high-altitude tests, which are easier to conceal than atmospheric tests. The Russians have hitherto refused to reexamine the findings of the experts made before our "Hardtack" and "Argus" tests. Now they are inclining to do so in the case of high altitude tests—and conceivably might accept a system of satellites that the experts believe will be needed to carry on inspections in space. Having gone that far, perhaps the Soviets would then agree to reconsider detection data from underground tests.

Most likely the Russians would consider 50 or so inspections per year a very large number—but that is said to be the minimum US experts calculate would be necessary to keep the Soviet land mass under surveillance for unidentifiable explosions in the range of five kilotons or more. A more practical beginning is probably Sen. Hubert Humphrey's suggestion that,

The ceiling on the number of inspections should only be fixed after the control posts have been established and operating for a period of a year. We would then have a better basis for determining . . . what the number of identified events may be.

Paying the Nation's Bills

CONSIDERABLE interest attaches to the intention of Wilbur Mills of Arkansas, Chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, to initiate an over-all study of the tax structure. Beginning two years ago in Dallas, and most recently in a speech before the Tax Executives' Institute, he has declared that the thing of shreds and patches which now goes under the name of federal tax law should be thoroughly renovated. A draft outline of what to do and how to do it is now circulating in the Committee, with definite plans expected for June announcement. And yet,

If you can say you like the budget
Never once begrudge it
Then just keep on spending
All the while you're lending
Smile and tell the nation
Galloping inflation
Is the best thing after all
Then you're a natural to be a hit in politics . . .

These words from a skit performed recently at the Women's National Press Club razzing Washington dignitaries represent reporting at its most accurate: no one in the capital thinks the budget is really going to be balanced at present federal revenue levels, and no one is coming up with any very definite proposal as to how the money to make it balance is obtainable. Indeed, Representative Mills announced over the weekend that parched taxpayers might even be given a sip this year of "significant reductions in individual and corporation income tax rates." Without, of course, "sacrificing the revenues needed by the government."

A House Ways and Means Committee checklist of revenue measures expected to be acted on before the end of this session of Congress includes the following:

- the shortly-to-be-debated bill to raise the taxes paid by insurance companies from a present \$300 million to a future \$500-550 million, by taxing to a greater extent their income from investments, formerly treated as rebates to policy holders in mutual companies, and by taxing income from underwriting gains;

- a bill on contract renegotiation, currently in executive session;

- a revised schedule of unemployment compensation taxes;

- measures based on advisory group reports on taxation of corporate reorganizations, estates and trusts, partnerships;

- a Treasury proposal to specify in detail the cutoff point in the depletion allowance law at which a substance becomes a "first commercially marketable product";

- means of meeting the shortage which has devel-

oped in the highway building program: at present the Highway Trust Fund gets the revenues from the taxes on gasoline, tires and tubes, and half the truck and weight tax on highway users, but the taxes on passenger cars, lubricating oil, etc. are not so segregated;

- renewal of the corporate income tax at the 52 percent rate, and the excise taxes on liquor, tobacco, cigarettes and autos that were put on at the time of Korea and annually maintained since then;

- raising the permanent and the temporary debt ceiling: the President has proposed a permanent \$2 billion hike to \$285 billion, plus a temporary rise above that to a point which has not yet been specified.

Various members of Congress plan additional tax bills: many of these propose tax relief to one segment or another of the taxpaying public; some of them indicate how to obtain more revenue by minor changes in present laws. Among the latter are four proposals which Sen. Paul Douglas has said he will introduce:

- reduction of the percentage allowance under the oil and gas depletion law, from 27.5 to 21 percent for companies with gross incomes between \$1 million and \$5 million, and from 27.5 to 15 percent for companies with gross incomes over \$5 million; he estimates this will yield \$350-\$400 million for the Treasury;

- withholding at the source of taxes on dividends and interest; estimated yield \$300-\$400 million;

- repeal of the dividend credit provision in the individual income tax law; estimated yield \$350 million (the Senator points out that at present a man with a wife and two children who earns \$10,000 from wages or salary pays about 20 percent more tax than a similarly situated man who gets \$10,000 from dividends);

- stricter inspection of business expense accounts—including such items as tickets to *My Fair Lady*, Christmas gifts, etc.; yield, maybe \$300 million.

The President's reminder, in his budget speech that last year's postal increase was less than what he asked for, is unlikely to spur action: the fact that first-class mail pays its own way, while second and third class enjoy subsidies of perhaps \$275 million a year, militates against a further first-class increase.

So, clearly, this session of Congress, with Republicans and Democrats cooperating, is going to meet its fiscal responsibilities by a combination of federal deficit financing and postponement.

At the state level, however, deficit financing and postponement have become impossible. Most state constitutions require balanced budgets. The surpluses accumulated in many states during the war years are no longer available to fill recent gaps between expenditures and revenue, and many state needs can't wait to be filled

someday. This year governors have been forced to move to increase the tax take in 23 states.

The US birthrate for 1958 was 24.3 per 1,000 of a population of 176½ million, increasingly gathered into major metropolitan areas. On this hard fact the need for schools, roads, water and sewage facilities has mushroomed, and will go right on mushrooming. From New York to California the states with the big budgets are the states requiring the large increases. But in most of their state legislatures, city representation is outweighed by representation of rural districts and the needs of the cities go unmet—it is not solely because there is a Republican regime in Albany and a Democratic regime in New York City that the demand for secession rises ever louder in Manhattan.

It looks, therefore, as though a very ancient maxim of politics may be about to be altered. The magic of the old formula for taxation—getting the most feathers for the least squawk—may be dissipated by modern frustrations. Given enough traffic jams, enough water shortages, enough children on part-time school schedules, and the day may come when citizens will be glad to pay for new facilities and lend staunch political support to the politician who goes out to get them, telling the voters that it is going to cost them money as he does so. On the Republican side, Nelson Rockefeller has taken the head-on course in New York—going for \$239 million in new money; Pat Brown on the Democratic side has gone out for \$256 million in new revenue in California.

So far, on the national scene, the Democrats have shown no such tendency. They have deplored the Republican emphasis on a balanced budget unrelated to national needs, and they have affirmed their interest in national needs; but they have produced nothing that would serve as a definite alternative, or as the basis for an issue in 1960.

Obscenity and the Courts

PUBLICATION of the unexpurgated D. H. Lawrence novel, *Lady Chatterley's Lover* (see pages 13-16), has set off once more the old yet still explosive argument about what is "obscene, lewd or indecent." At this moment, the Supreme Court of Vermont is struggling with the problem in actions brought against eight publications—the attorney for one of them being the irrepressible Thurman Arnold, former Assistant Attorney-General, former federal judge, author of *The Folklore of Capitalism* and now a member of the Washington law firm of Arnold, Fortas and Porter. The eight publications which Vermont wishes to ban are: *Rogue, Gent, Night and Day, Escapade, Dude, Nugget, Gem, Playboy*.

Mr. Arnold's 26-page brief for the defense is a fireworks display of wit and urbanity. When ought the picture of a female nude be confiscated by the authorities,

and when does it deserve recognition as a priceless possession of a national art gallery? Are the courts competent to judge, and why are they involved anyway? Legislatures often pass anti-obscenity laws as a kind of moral re-assertion of a taboo "as old as history":

Such laws are passed because most men are stimulated by erotica and at the same time they are ashamed of it. Society requires a public denunciation of this almost universal sin whether or not it leads to positive harmful conduct.

Thus, in ancient Greece, "a society not distinguished for its puritanism," Plato in 378 B.C. urged that the *Odyssey* be expurgated for children's reading. Mr. Arnold finds "a certain high comedy" in the contradictions which roam through the area of pornography. "At the same time that men insist on suppressing obscene literature and punishing those who write it they enthusiastically go on collecting it . . . in libraries of priceless value."

Still, Arnold admits, somewhere the line between material that is offensively obscene and that which is merely suggestive has to be drawn. But where and by whom? One test in the past has been whether the material in question "had a tendency to produce lustful thoughts." But that has been a poor test, one reason being that "it puts courts in the role of literary critics, a task for which they are unfitted. Moreover, styles change.

For example . . . the old *Police Gazette* had a nationwide pornographic appeal. A dance called the Can Can, in which chorus girls kicked up legs covered with black stockings, was wicked and highly stimulating. Today a person with an appetite for pornography would not pay ten cents to see either the magazine or the dance.

Arnold goes on to note that the US Supreme Court, in a series of five recent decisions, has undertaken a complete review, from the constitutional viewpoint, of this immensely difficult controversy. The high Court has tended to throw out obscenity prosecutions against publications in several instances on the ground that the charges violated freedom of speech or some other provision of the Constitution. Meanwhile a majority of the Court has attempted to set up tests to guide enforcement officials.

The Supreme Court did not give written opinions in three cases which it dismissed, Arnold argues, because such fine distinctions cannot be put in writing. One District judge who tried to do it was hardly successful: "The language he had to use in describing the pictures is more repellent than the pictures themselves." And to the above sentence the learned attorney affixes a footnote which seems likely to live in legal history. It is given here in full:

(12) *Sunshine Book Co. v. Summerfield*, 128 F. Supp. 564 (D.C.D.C., 1955)

The only way to avoid such repellent descriptions is to hold that no nudes is good nudes.



The Superficial Aspect

John Foster Dulles

CYNICS MAY be slow to believe it, but American politics does have its rules of decency, one of which was vividly stated by Old Bullion Benton in explaining why he had instantly ceased his attacks on his enemy, W. H. Crawford, after Crawford suffered a paralytic stroke: "When God Almighty lays His hand on a man, sir, Benton takes his off, sir."

The rule requires that in this space, where the policies and personality of John Foster Dulles have been sharply and frequently criticized, mention should now be made of his conspicuous virtues. His patriotism was flawless. His resolution was granitic. His courage was steely. In an era when a limber mediocrity seems to be the ideal of half the men in public life, these characteristics made Dulles something of a marvel.

It is regrettable that it should be worth mentioning, but Dulles had another quality that made him notable in the Washington of his time. Nobody, not even his sharpest critics, questioned his personal integrity. None dared insinuate that he was a kept man of the oil interests, the real-estate interests or any other interests. There were no vicuna coats, oriental rugs, or receipted hotel bills that he had to explain. No one has produced letters that he wrote on State Department stationery urging favorable treatment for corporations in which he had an interest. He did not include in the circle of his intimate friends persons in whom the FBI and other police authorities took a strong, if unflattering, interest. Like Hughes and Hoover, who sat in the Harding Cabinet, Dulles emerged from a questionable environment without a stain.

All this is attested, not by sycophants and flatterers but by witnesses who are hostile in the sense that they do not agree with the man's official policies, but who are not so obsessed by personal spite as to deny an opponent the credit that is his just due. The danger is that Dulles' real and substantial value may be covered up and lost by an ill-advised effort to pass off upon the country a false image by claiming for the man accomplishments that he did not achieve.

The fact is that in its foreign relations the position of

the United States has steadily deteriorated since 1953. It is certainly true that this was by no means the fault of John Foster Dulles alone. There were a great many other contributing factors. But he did not stem the ebb tide. It was not for lack of effort. On the contrary, there is only too much reason to believe that he shortened his own life by trying to do more than his physical frame could stand. Nor was it due to any moral deviousness or failure in courage.

It was due rather to the lack of imagination that has characterized the Eisenhower Administration from the start, and that has made it the most unrealistic since that of Calvin Coolidge, whose loss of touch with reality led us into the panic of 1929. Such fantasies as the theory that Chiang Kai-shek is China, that Syngman Rhee is a protagonist of liberty, that we are gaining prestige in the Near East, and that Charles de Gaulle is a Great Power, were not evolved but inherited by Dulles. That is an irrelevance. Regardless of their origin, these mythical entities have been accepted by an Administration lacking the intellectual agility to discriminate between principle and policy.

The truth that the identical principle may be supported at different times by diametrically opposite policies is one that John Foster Dulles never grasped, and it was his misfortune to serve under a chief hampered by the same disability. They were betrayed by the shifting, twisting course of events to such an extent that their rigid consistency sometimes became inconsistent, and their principles seemed occasionally to come under Cornford's bitter definition: "A principle is a rule of inaction, giving valid general reasons for not doing, in a specific instance, what to unprincipled instinct would seem to be right."

SO ANY attempt to erect this figure into a great Secretary of State is likely to be not merely futile but damaging in that it obscures the admirable qualities that he did possess. He was not a great Secretary of State, but he was a man fortunately circumstanced by birth who refused to rely on his good fortune. He could have lived without labor, but he chose to work hard. He could have worked for himself, but he chose to work for his country.

He could have acquired high esteem and obsequious consideration in his profession without incurring the frustration, injustices and stinging criticism inseparable from public life; but he chose to incur them if thereby he could perform public service. This made him an American whose example any idealist may happily commend to the rising generation. It is enough; and his wiser friends will not risk obscuring it by claiming more.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

Self-Rule in Singapore

BRITAIN's boldest colonial experiment will be put to the test on May 29 when 199 candidates go to the polls in an election giving self-government to the colony of Singapore. Three-fifths of Singapore's 1.5 million inhabitants are Chinese, most are under the age of 21 and most feel some sort of sympathy for Mao's China and little for Chiang Kai-shek's.

Only two Europeans and a handful of Malaysians, Indians and Eurasians are among the candidates, and whatever government is elected will therefore be primarily Chinese. And since the moderate Right and Center parties are hopelessly divided and the Communist Party is outlawed, the overwhelming odds are that victory will go to what the Communists regard as the next best thing, the People's Action Party. The PAP is divided into two wings: the non-Communist—which states its intention of being as far to the Left as possible within a democratic framework—and the Communist. When observers protest that it is difficult to define the fine shade of difference, the non-Communist wing leader, Mr. Lee Kuan Yew, who will lead the party to the polls in the absence of the Communist-fronters (who have been detained under Emergency regulations), replies that he will have cause for concern only if he begins to be regarded as a moderate. Lee has already declared war on the English-language press of Singapore; and the British-owned *Straits Times*, which has been constantly critical of the PAP, has taken heed of the warnings and plans to publish in the future in Kuala Lumpur, where the political climate seems likely to remain more temperate. There is little doubt, also, that Singapore is in for some pretty draconian house-cleaning and a large measure of social reform, which Lee plans to finance by the simple expedient of doubling Singapore's tax revenue.

Though the strong breeze of social change promises to reach close to gale force, the prospects of Singapore being blown off the map, or into the Communist camp, by the present leadership of the PAP are nevertheless slight. Man for man, in efficiency and honesty, the PAP shadow cabinet is better than anything any single opposing party or likely combination of opposing parties can offer. It is likely to exhibit an acute appreciation of the inhibitions it must accept—first if Singapore is to con-

tinue as a going concern and, second, if a self-governing Singapore is eventually to persuade the conservative government in Kuala Lumpur to accept it as a member of the Federation of Malaya, a principal plank in the party's platform.

As the world's sixth largest port, Singapore depends primarily on its entrepot trade. As the last major British center in the Far East it depends secondarily on the employment and wealth resulting from its British air and naval bases. To damage the entrepot trade by excessive interference with its activities as a free port, and to throw out the British bases, would destroy the economy of Singapore, add hugely to the already long lists of unemployed and set back indefinitely its hopes of persuading the extremely dubious Malaya across the causeway as to the wisdom of embracing Singapore and thereby making Malaya a predominantly Chinese country. Under its present leadership, therefore, the PAP seems a reasonably good risk. The real danger will lie in the post-election struggle for control within the party itself. Lee is committed to the release of his detained colleagues and they will undoubtedly return to the leadership of their militant, and powerful, unions. In a showdown, Lee's intellectuals would find themselves hard pressed to get majority support.

Burma Since U Nu

WHAT HAS HAPPENED in Burma since U Nu faded into the political background last fall? Although national elections may still be held this year or next spring in Rangoon, more and more observers suspect they would be a façade behind which General Ne Win and a group of assertive younger officers would continue their rule of the country. The driving force of this officer group, 39-year old Aung Gyi, who was promoted last week from Colonel to Brigadier General, has his hand in all sorts of matters. He has recently become board chairman of a banking operation which was taken over by the government; the newly-constituted board of the \$2 million A. Scott Bank has on it three military men and two civilians. Brig.-Gen. Aung Gyi is now a board member also of the Burma Five-Star Line, and there are other cases of military men moving into positions which had been held by capable and available civil servants. Everything in Rangoon, it is said, now clears through Brigadiers Aung Gyi and Tin Peh and Colonel Maung Maung. Few are the judgments, even on minor matters, ventured by the intimidated civilian bureaucracy.

Whether Brig.-Gen. Aung Gyi is to be Nasser to General Ne Win's Naguib is an open question. The consensus of informed observers leans to the view that Ne Win remains very much in control and is simply winking at the excesses of his staff. But can even Ne Win, for all his personal standing as a hero of the Burmese inde-

COMING

WALTER LIPPMANN

takes note of comments on his proposal for Berlin which have appeared in The New Republic

pendence movement, rule for long without the organized mass support of party leaders and their followings? As we pointed out last fall, Ne Win's nationalist record was an asset denied to General Ayub Khan on the occasion of his takeover in Pakistan, and there was thus reason to distinguish between the new military regimes in Rangoon and Karachi and their respective prospects. But whereas the civil service is to a great extent in administrative custody of the affairs of Pakistan—and the Army is not, so far at least, engaging in blatant repression—the atmosphere in Rangoon is surcharged with the anxiety of civil servants and politicians who do not know what disciplinary whim to expect from a ruling junta which is free to act on its own in Ne Win's good name.

Unlike Pakistan, at the same time, Burma has in the U Nu and U Ba Swe factions of the Anti-Fascist People's Freedom League two well-organized political legions which, despite their bickering, represent political vitality and nationalist traditions. Although U Ba Swe has gained in popularity (U Nu's inability to command a parliamentary majority at the time of his hand-over to Ne Win showed a corresponding decline in his personal political strength) the two AFPFL leaders nonetheless need each other. They represent to some extent complementary bases of political support: the peasantry in U Nu's case and the urban intelligentsia in U Ba Swe's. In the short run it is altogether likely that the sub rosa alliance now evident between General Ne Win and U Ba Swe will survive, resulting, perhaps, in a military-supported electoral victory for U Ba Swe as the next Prime Minister. If, however, effective control continues to be held by the younger officers, how long will U Ba Swe retain even nominal leadership? In the long run Burma might profit most from an outright military power grab which would strike equally at U Nu and U Ba Swe—compelling their reunion in the cause of popularly-supported government.

China in the UN

ADLAI STEVENSON is the only man seriously discussed as a possible Presidential candidate for 1960 who, as far as we can discover, has had the frankness to state the obvious. "Years ago," he told a University of Illinois audience last week, "I urged that instead of fighting over Quemoy and Matsu, we should be discussing the independence of Formosa together with the admission of China to the United Nations." The US should "not veto the admission of Communist China to the UN."

"I wish," Mr. Stevenson added, "that China had had to answer for Tibet before the forum of organized world opinion." Had he delivered his address several days later, he could have also said that as a UN member, China could now be more effectively called to account by world opinion for its renewal of the bombardment of Matsu.

Tom Mboya's Future

TOM MBOYA, the able young leader of Kenya's nationalist and labor movements, has ended an exhausting five-week stumping tour of the US under the sponsorship of the American Committee on Africa. Despite a debilitating virus infection, a badly-organized itinerary which kept him hopping from one end of the country to the other several times, and rather too much lionizing—he has managed consistently to project a most remarkable image of maturity and common sense. Mr. Mboya's scrubbed young look, his unpretentious yet cultured manner, his modest eloquence, his apparent candor and his complete lack of obsequiousness, aggressiveness or parochialism are the antithesis of the preconceptions many Americans hold of East African nationalists.

Mboya's reception is somewhat more complex in his home constituency of Kenya. Although he has recently been reelected as president of the all-important Nairobi Peoples' Convention Party and as General Secretary of the Kenya Federation of Labor, his position is not as clear-cut as, say, Kwame Nkrumah's in Ghana or Sekou Toure's in Guinea. One reason for this, it seems, is that Mr. Mboya is not in a position—as are Mr. Nkrumah and Mr. Toure—to neutralize his opposition through repression or manipulation of the governmental apparatus. Another reason is that British Colonial Office officials of the Kenya Government—though committed to the development of a responsible African leadership in multi-racial Kenya—have not always viewed Mboya's suspiciously charismatic qualities with equanimity. And as for the Kenya European settlers, they are breathing fire at the American welcome to the "arch extremist" Mboya, ascribing the whole expedition to guilt feelings by Americans who seek to justify to Africa that Little Rock never happened.

Mr. Mboya's potential opposition comes from two sources. There are many in the lower ranks of his party, as well as outside of it, who regard him as far too moderate. Also, clustered around Mr. Mboya are a number of equally moderate leaders, some of whom are suspected of coveting the number one role. The rumor has cropped up frequently in recent years that a cleavage is developing between Mboya and his closest associate, a University of California graduate named Gikonyo Kiano. Kiano's recent decision to go to London for constitutional talks was reportedly made without prior consultation with Mboya, and Kiano has been engaging in a good deal of free wheeling in other directions in recent weeks.

If a serious split were to develop between these two men, it would have a profound effect upon the Kenya nationalist movement. Both are most able leaders, but neither would be half as good without the other's complementary talents. Kiano, for example, is a master at the direct person-to-person brand of ward-heeling poli-

tics. Mboya has a natural reserve which keeps him from being a back-slapper; his charisma comes to full flower in urban mass meetings where he is fluent and persuasive. Kiano is the academician of the team, being particularly skilled in the intricacies of governmental procedures and constitution-making — especially relevant in Kenya, where the constitution is always being revised. Mboya has little taste for this kind of staff work, but he can use it more effectively in enunciating broad principles than can Kiano.

Their tribal ties also strike a useful balance—Mboya

coming from the Luo and Kiano from the Kikuyu. The advantage in this matter of family background goes to Kiano since the Kikuyu—though currently largely disenfranchised by regulations imposed during the Mau Mau emergency—compose the largest and most important tribe in Kenya. In dealing with the world beyond Kenya, Mboya has all the earmarks of ripening into a statesman. Kiano's interests are more single-minded and parochial, his disposition more volatile, and his approach more aggressive. In short, these men need each other, and Kenya's Africans need them both.

Great Expectations: Aid and Trade

by EDWIN L. DALE, JR.

THE UNITED STATES, it is said, is a nation of businessmen. This may account for the extraordinary propensity of Americans to accept the primacy of economic motivations for political conduct—in particular, the extraordinary propensity at the moment to deem the "Soviet economic offensive" as the "real" threat for the years ahead. In an ironic sense, Americans are the most Marxist people of all.

A glimpse at what has been happening to some of the targets of the Soviet aid-and-trade offensive should be enough to cast some doubt on our need for alarm. If Egypt has been "won," somebody forgot to tell Gamal Abdel Nasser. Burma, Indonesia and Argentina have been taking internal measures against Communists. Yugoslavia, at latest report, was more independent than ever. Recent events in Tibet, and in the Communist state of Kerala, appear to have had considerably more impact on the orientation of Mr. Nehru than the Soviet-built steel mill.

One good reason for these reactions, of course, is that most foreign countries are *not* nations of businessmen, particularly underdeveloped countries. To a Ceylonese, the suppression of Buddhist monks in Tibet is likely to have far more influence on his vote than a trade agreement for Chinese rice at cheap prices. To a Nasser, the threat to his Arab hegemony by a foreign-dominated party in Iraq is a far more powerful motivation for his conduct than offers to buy his surplus cotton. Even the use of economic weapons to obtain leverage on governments has grave limitations, as American experience should have shown—and as Nasser is now showing the Russians.

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Most important of all, our current proclivity to look for the worst has made us overlook the greatest asset we have: the worldwide wave of nationalism. It is apparently becoming reasonably clear even to a Sukarno that acceptance of Communism means at least some degree of sacrifice of independence. And independence is the very root of pride in the darker-skinned lands.

The fact is, we are insulting the deepest sensibilities of the people and governments of the underdeveloped countries when we talk as if a trade or aid deal with a Communist country is going to subvert them to Communism. The latest jag is over shipments of Czech arms to the new nation of Guinea; what an absurdity to assume that this means Guinea, having just tasted the heady wine of independence, is about to become foreign dominated again! The fact is, it needed some arms and could get them quicker and with less red tape from the Soviet bloc.

A slightly more realistic fear of Soviet economic capabilities is the one that appears to dominate the mind of Lewis Strauss, the new (Democrats willing) Secretary of Commerce. This is the emerging Soviet ability to do *damage* (not help) to *Western* (not underdeveloped) countries. The famed aluminum "dumping" is the item always cited.

Now surely even Mr. Strauss does not think that this sort of thing, even multiplied several times over, is going to make Canada or the United States—or Britain or Belgium or France—"go Communist." While the aluminum case does not prove anything—there was an emerging condition of over-supply—it does appear at least theoretically possible that Soviet sales might in the future do some harm to individual Western industries and, possibly, even to whole economies.

But this is certainly a long way in the future. Besides, it is an entirely different problem from the general

problem of the Cold War. The Soviets can, to be sure, transact business without regard to the usual conditions of cost. They will, to be sure, be increasingly able to export. But if nothing else works, there is always the remedy of import controls, or even simple anti-dumping laws. Besides, a shipment of cheap Soviet aluminum may be Alcoa's poison but it is the Western aluminum consumer's meat.

This problem is sometimes put in a slightly different way. The Soviets and Chinese, it is said, may soon be able by price cutting to capture markets in the underdeveloped countries, to the harm in particular of Japan, and eventually of other Western nations. Note again that this is the threat of *damage to the West* not "winning" of the uncommitted nations. It might conceivably be a real threat some day—and we could then answer it with export subsidies or other devices as necessary. Meanwhile, the underdeveloped countries would be luxuriating in cheaper and cheaper import prices. As things are now, of course, except for a slight dip in 1958, the total exports of the Western industrial nations, plus Japan, have been reaching fantastic record levels year after year, and the West has never been so prosperous. The threat may—or may not—materialize; but, please, sufficient unto the day be the evil thereof!

There remains the problem of Soviet economic growth. It is debatable whether this should be included in the term "economic offensive," but it is undoubtedly a sort of Cold War weapon. In brief, the evidence is mounting that a modern-day planned, statist economy can grow fas-

ter than a free economy. The fascinating historical evidence currently being presented to the Congressional Joint Economic Committee, incidentally, indicates grave doubt that a free economy is ever likely to achieve on a sustained basis the rates of growth recently displayed by the Soviets, if only because we are unlikely to devote as much of our resources to capital formation.

I suggest two comments on this "problem." The first is, quite bluntly, that there is nothing we can do about it. If an Indonesian or an Indian is going to make his political choice on the basis of a six percent growth rate as opposed to a rate of three percent, then we shall not be able to do anything to change his choice. But our Indonesian or Indian is presumably aware that our rate of growth, even if only three percent, has produced exceptional results, while not sacrificing economic or political freedom.

Still, if growth rates are everything, he will quite logically choose the "dirigiste" method. But does that mean he will choose "Communism," in the sense of satrapy to the Soviet bloc? My second comment is that we assume too readily that a choice of statism is automatically the choice of Soviet-blocism. For Soviet-blocism has the unfortunate disadvantage—entirely visible to our Indian or Indonesian—of foreign as well as domestic quasi-slavery. Yugoslavia has already shown that a nation can choose the domestic without the foreign. Who is so bold as to be certain that future "Communist" countries—if any—will be flunkies of the Soviet Union? Especially countries whose major drive is nationalism?

Court-Curbing Time

by ALEXANDER M. BICKEL

SPRING is in the air, Mr. Eastland of Mississippi is in his heaven as Chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, and it is Court-curbing time in Congress once again.

Court-curbing is a game that is played as follows: You look over the recent product of the Supreme Court. You pick out the cases in which a Communist, or a Communist sympathizer, or somebody who may be a Communist though he also may not be, or someone who seems to be the friend of someone who may be a Communist, or an alien, any alien, was involved and in which the Court decided in favor of the Communist, etc. You disregard everything else about these cases, and declare that they obviously tend to encourage Communist activity and

threaten a "paralysis of our internal security." You then propose legislation to make it impossible for the Court in future to reach such results. One thing you pay no attention to whatsoever is why the Court reached its results; and one thing you are certain not to worry about is what broader effect your so-called "curative" measure will have.

The game has been played for some years now, and most of its customary opening moves are reasonably well understood. I should like to discuss two of Mr. Eastland's current package of bills which seem to have received less attention than, for example, the perennial HR 3, which is aimed at abolishing the doctrine of preemption by federal legislation of inconsistent and some-

times even of complementary state law. The two bills I have in mind are profoundly characteristic, in subject matter and in the recklessness of their disregard for every consideration other than a chimerically envisioned subversive menace, of the pathology of Court-curbing.

THE McCarran-Walter Immigration Act of 1952, picking up a provision of a predecessor enactment of 1950, authorizes deportation of aliens who, though not Communists now, were at the time of entry into the United States, or have been at any time thereafter, members of the Communist Party. This is, of course, an extremely harsh and vindictive policy. It fastens to begin with on mere association, not on beliefs, let alone action, of the individual himself. Passing that, it totally fails to make allowance for the redemption of a man's political soul. The one misguided moment during which an alien may have joined the Communist Party determines his fate under this statute, no matter how profound a change may have taken place since in his political and moral convictions, and no matter how valuable an addition to our society he may since have become. Moreover, the policy is retroactive. The alien may have joined the party at a time far in the past, when there were few, or at least many fewer, social and no legal pressures operating against doing so. Many people have doubted the constitutionality, let alone the wisdom, of such a blunderbuss measure; and the courts have had to deal with heart-rending cases, in which the government, with rather more than misplaced prosecutorial vigor, moved to deport a resident alien of some 50 years standing, who a quarter of a century ago, during the depression, only half-knowing what he was doing and then for but six months, joined the Communist Party because "it was on the side of the workers," and who has since had nothing whatever to do with it. But the Supreme Court has held that this piece of legislative brutality is not unconstitutional, and, for the time being at least, that is that.

Despite the rigor of this provision, however, it turns out that we are still not as secure as the Court-curbers would like us to be, and Mr. Eastland has a bill, S 1302, to make us so which the Administration grudgingly approves. The breach in our security is attributable to that wild-eyed, Communist-coddling, mid-Western radical, Mr. Justice Whittaker, who last year wrote the opinion of the Court in *Bonetti v. Rogers*. Bonetti, an alien of French birth, first entered the United States in 1923 at the age of 15. Some nine years later, he became a member of the Communist Party. In 1936 he quit the Party, and the following year he left the United States without intention to return and went to Spain where he fought on the Republican side. Late in 1938, he made a fresh start and entered the US anew as a quota immigrant. His earlier membership in the Communist Party was known, but after a hearing, he was admitted for perma-

nent residence, as the statute then did not exclude aliens merely for past membership. Recently—though I should make clear that the proceeding was started by the previous Administration—the government moved to deport Bonetti on the ground that he had been a Communist since entering the United States. The entry in question, under the government's theory, had to be the first one of 1923. For Bonetti was not a Communist at the time he entered anew in 1938, nor has he been one since. And the law speaks here only of what was true at the time of entry or has been true since entry. Mr. Justice Whittaker held that the statute should be construed as referring only to an alien's "last entry," thus disregarding "the old bag of bones" of an alien's activities of long, long ago, with full knowledge of which we later admitted him for permanent residence. And so Bonetti was not deported.

It takes a pretty fine eye to see the breach in our security that is involved here, and that Mr. Eastland's bill would plug. Since 1952, we have not admitted aliens who have ever been members of the Communist Party. We have not been admitting present members for a good deal longer than that. The broad, general authority to deport aliens who were perhaps undetected Communists at entry or who, though "clean" when they came in, joined the Communist Party while here is not in issue. There is in question only what must be an infinitely small group of aliens whom we admitted before 1952 despite records they may have made many years ago during a previous stay, and about whom Mr. Eastland now elects to change the government's mind.

But that does not end Mr. Eastland's apprehensions about aliens. Under the McCarran-Walter Act as it stands, after a deportation order has been issued against an alien, if the Attorney General finds, as not infrequently he does, that there isn't any place in the world to which he can deport the alien, he may detain him for a while on grounds of national security. Thereafter he may supervise him, and place him under various restrictions, and call him in from time to time and ask him any question he (for "he" read, of course, not the Attorney General but such lower officials as he must naturally employ for the discharge of his functions) "may deem fit and proper." The Supreme Court, Mr. Justice Frankfurter writing, has held that this power of interrogation should be construed not to allow totally unlimited fishing expeditions about a man's private life, but rather to permit only those questions which are aimed at determining that the alien will remain available for deportation.

This decision also has put Mr. Eastland in fear. His bill would authorize the Attorney General "in his discretion" (read again in the discretion of lower officials) to ask any question "necessary or advisable in the interest of the enforcement of any law of the United States." That is to say, of course, any question whatever.

Ours has not in the past been a country where the cop

on the beat can pull you in and ask you any questions that come to his mind on the chance that he might hit paydirt and discover that perhaps you have violated some law. We have found it possible to maintain the peace and the national security by developing more sophisticated and more discriminating methods of detection and of police work. The legitimate enforcement powers needed by the Department of Justice to deal with deportable aliens are ample. This proposal merely opens up the opportunity for the sort of harassment at the hands of petty officials that our tradition abhors. Can this be necessary? As the late Mr. Justice Jackson once said in an alien case: "No one can make me believe that we are that far gone."

IT WILL BE remembered that the Supreme Court last year held that if the Secretary of State is to have any authority to deny passports on grounds of national security, Congress must explicitly delegate such authority to him. It is quite arguable, indeed it is probably true, that some sort of legislation is therefore needed. A distinguished Special Committee to Study Passport Procedures of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York recommended last year that the Secretary be authorized to impose individual travel restraints when he has reasonable grounds to believe that an applicant will engage abroad in: "Transmitting, without proper authority, security information of the United States; inciting hostilities or conflicts which might involve the United States; or inciting attacks by force upon the United States or attempts to overthrow its government by force and violence."

Mr. Eastland also has a bill, S 1303, on the subject, and the contrast between it and the above recommendation beggars description. Mr. Eastland would not require the Secretary to establish on the record what an individual applicant proposes to do abroad that will endanger national security. Rather Mr. Eastland's bill would permit denial of a passport when the Secretary is satisfied that an applicant will "further the aims and objectives" of any group or association which in turn has been found, by Congress itself or by any other federal agency or officer authorized by Congress for that purpose, to be, in the loosest sense of the term, subversive. Of course, political groups tend to have a lot of "aims and objectives."

A passport could therefore be denied to a citizen because he favors more public housing or more unemployment relief, just as some organization, unrelated to himself, also says it does; provided that that organization has been found, for example, "to act in concert with" some other group or association which has in its turn been found "to have been organized or utilized for the purpose of advancing the aims or objectives of the Communist movement." It will help if the Secretary is

able to establish that the applicant is now or has been a member of a group or association such as is in question, but no such finding is required.

That seems guilt by association carried to the point of caricature, but Mr. Eastland would also provide, in mandatory fashion, that the Secretary shall not issue a passport to, and shall withdraw it from, any person, if—note well the double negative and the impossible burden of proof it places upon the applicant—the Secretary "is not satisfied that such person's trip or such person's activities abroad would not," for example, "be prejudicial to the orderly conduct of foreign relations, be contrary to the national welfare, safety or security, or otherwise be prejudicial to the interests of the United States." That means the Secretary can do as he likes. Nor is that all. Mr. Eastland would further provide: "The Secretary may withhold a passport in the national interest on the basis of confidential information where he shall certify that it is contrary to the interests of this Nation that a passport be issued to the applicant."

Note that under the last quoted provision the Secretary is required to certify—not that disclosure of confidential sources is contrary to the national interest, but only that it is contrary to the national interest to grant a passport. The Secretary is not even required to face the question of whether disclosure of sources will endanger national security in a given case. He need make no such finding. He can just deny a passport and simply certify that he has done so without any procedural safeguards whatever. He can act on a privately formed conviction, or on whim. With all due respect for the presumed integrity of such a high officer as the Secretary of State, but having regard to the fact that he will necessarily delegate authority, this must be deemed wholly unrestricted license for administrative arbitrariness. And such license offends not only against the rights of the individual, but also against the proper function and responsibility of Congress. This, in Justice Cardozo's phrase, is "delegation running riot."

I have not fully described all the iniquities of this bill. One hangs his head in shame that a Senator of the United States should have put his name to it. Should it be enacted, could we ever again refer with a straight face to the Soviet Iron Curtain? Or boast that we do not live under a rule of administrative caprice? There is consolation in the moral certainty that the bill is just about *in toto* unconstitutional, and that it would be so held. But, as this journal noted editorially at Court-curbing time last year, should such an abomination be enacted, there is less than full comfort in the prospect of what the courts will do, "because laws work much harm before they are declared unconstitutional, and they leave scars afterward. And because in the longer view, foolishness in the legislature, no matter if counteracted by the courts, must needs sap the strength of democratic government."

BOOKS & COMMENT

"Lady Chatterley" At Last

by Stanley Kauffmann

THIRTY-ONE YEARS after its initial private publication in Italy, the unexpurgated final version of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* appears in this country. An abridged edition of this version was published here in 1930; the first version (of the three Lawrence wrote) appeared here in 1944. Now the general public may read what has heretofore been available only to contrabandists

Lady Chatterley's Lover
by D. H. Lawrence
(Grove \$6)

and scholars with access to locked library shelves.

The novel's publication inevitably raises the issue, not only of intrinsic literary merit but of censorship. First, is the book censorable? The answer is: Indeed, yes. In the light of current legal and extra-legal practice, its language and many of its scenes come well within the usual scope of the suppressors. No doubt there are books containing language and scenes perhaps even more daring that have been untouched, but the law does not have to indict A, B, and C in order to indict D. Luck and notoriety are more operative in these matters than logic.

Ulysses apart, this is the most notorious novel of the 20th Century, prosecuted from Poland to Japan. As late as 1953 an English magistrate inveighed against the *expurgated* version (the only one permitted there) as "absolute rubbish." Now Grove Press has decided to test the unexpurgated book here and is getting a quick reply to the challenge. In Washington a criminal law test has already begun; in New York the Post Office Department has seized mailings and will shortly decide whether the book is mailable.

For those of us who doubt the moral superiority, let alone the keener literary taste, of police chiefs and postal inspectors, the great snare in proceedings of

this sort is a kind of surprised tedium. The serious writer and reader are concerned with the exploration of human relationships, therefore always at least to some degree concerned with sex, and are jolted out of their concern in a curious way by the obtrusion of police and postmen. The first reaction is often to smile; it seems almost as anachronistic and silly to become angry as to rush out and shout "Votes for women!" How can one fight seriously, one feels, about a matter which has so long ago been taken to the barricades and which has for so long been settled in one's own mind?

Yet—and this must be faced at last—the fight goes on: because the police-postal mind goes on and has, besides its superiority in numbers, one huge advantage. It can define obscenity. Dogmatism always has an advantage over the free-ranging mind. Some of us are stuck (one might say) with the passionate belief that obscenity cannot be defined, that what disturbs one man will be perfectly acceptable to another, that no universal moral yardstick is ever possible. The tendency to deprave and corrupt is usually taken as the touchstone of obscenity. Well, if it is any help, I can report to the Post Office that I have just finished this book and would not be a whit purer if I had not read it.

Very possibly the matter of censorship will never be settled until we look past the immediate battle which, even if won, really cures nothing, and examine the source of the urge to censor. Its conduit is, almost always, the ecclesiastical channel, but perhaps this is only another instance of the wisdom of the church (all churches) in recognizing and using human truths. The reluctance to abolish capital punishment lies, probably, not in concepts of justice but in latent sadism; just as probably, the reluctance to abolish censorship arises fundamentally not from a desire to protect our 14-year-old daughters but from repressions that society puts on our own sexual

lives and thoughts. The sexually happy man or woman is not deeply interested in or conscious of police notions of decency.

This is not to say that even the healthiest parent will necessarily want to put *Lady Chatterley* into the hands of his early adolescent son or daughter, any more than he will want his son to lift a weight that he could handle at twenty or his young daughter to marry immediately and have children. But he resents being told that he may not give the book to them—even mail it to them—when he sees fit; may not, in fact, buy it for himself.

The law insists not only that it can decide what is proper for me to read (and I may be a lot less tolerant than you), it implicitly assumes that if it didn't protect me, I would do nothing else but buy pornographic books and see pornographic films. Its attitude is that of Latin civilizations toward their women—if it weren't for the duenna, they would certainly misbehave. A nice compliment to their wives and daughters; a nice compliment by the law to you and me.

SOMETIMES it is granted that you and I could be trusted but that most people need protection, and so we must put up with the inconvenience for the sake of the majority. That the weak-willed exist is inarguable; equally so, that we all have our weak-willed moments. Certainly, too, in the absence of censorship laws, cheapjack publishers and film producers would rush to exploit the new liberty. But can one honestly visualize mass corruption as the result? The mere increase and availability of salacious material would tend to surfeit its audience. Nudity soon bores; and the makers of pornographic pictures soon elicit only pity as they so fruitlessly struggle for variety.

Undoubtedly there are members of society who might be seriously affected by exposure to pornographic materials, but it is hardly rational to gear society to the level of its weakest members, like a wartime convoy. In any event, can such highly susceptible persons be protected merely by censoring books and films? Is it not then also necessary to ban lingerie shop windows and the wearing of perfume in public and dancing? Is it not illogical to do less? And is it not madness to abolish freedom because

some would abuse it? Do we ban French-fried potatoes because few of us have ulcers?

Some of the censor's best blows are struck, I believe, by his enemies, because they cannot agree on one basic principle: all censorship—of any kind—is untenable and immoral. It is they, the opponents, anxious to prove that they are "decent" even though they are liberal, who hamstringing themselves. They oppose, let us say, restrictions on serious literature but they affirm stoutly that there must be some control over trash. (And who is to differentiate? And suppose there are people who want to read trash. What about *their* civil liberties?) Or certain works may be circulated to adults but not to children, the decisive factors being availability and price. Trade books and the theatre must not be censored, low-priced, paper-bound books and films must be controlled. (And the whole sneaky war of adolescents versus their parents must be perpetuated, a war which the adolescent always wins. Adolescent interest in sex cannot be censored out of existence. As with liquor, home influence is the only real safeguard.)

WORST of all, in my view, is the liberals' argument that books like *Lady Chatterley* are not sexual, they are Beautiful. Surely, they say, the magistrate must see that this novel is spiritual, not physical. This, to me, is the most wrong-headed of defenses and self-defeating. The erotic passages in *Lady Chatterley* are most certainly intended to evoke erotic responses. Not something mistily lovely but distinctly sexual. The artist has as much right—even necessity—to evoke that response in a reader as he has to evoke appreciation of a landscape. If Lawrence doesn't make you feel in your very glands what it meant to Connie and Mellors to find at last a satisfactory sexual partner, then he has failed as an artist.

There is the crux of the matter. Let not the defenders of *Lady Chatterley* claim that it is, by postal definition, a "pure" work. It is a sexually stimulating work (among other things) and rightly so. To lose that point is to betray Lawrence. What must not be conceded to the Post Office and others is that sexual stimulation is necessarily, or usually, synonymous with depravity and corruption. Or as Mr. Justice Stable said in

his charge to the jury in a recent English obscenity case, "Is the act of sexual passion sheer filth? It may be an error in taste to write about it. It may be a matter in which perhaps old-fashioned people would mourn the reticence that was observed in these matters yesterday. But is it sheer filth?"

Certainly there is, as noted earlier, such a thing as pornography—by derivation "the writing of prostitutes." Most of us have seen examples of it which seem to have no *raison d'être* besides almost mechanical sexual stimulation; and as soon as we are old enough to appreciate a context, we reject it as having little to do with sexual realities or even desirabilities. At best it becomes funny, not inflammatory. Must society cripple serious artists in order to obliterate the relatively minor nuisance of pornography? If centimeters of bare skin are the criterion, we will not only have to burn crates full of *Tillie and Mac* but also the canvases of such an utterly sexual artist as Renoir.

There is no viable, no *moral* middle-ground in this matter. Opponents of restriction on the artist's freedom are forced to fight also for the freedom of the pornographer. Anything less is to appease the beast by feeding him scraps that only keep him alive to attack you. You may throw him garbage, but it strengthens him, nevertheless.

The matter is uniquely complicated in this instance because of the personality of Lawrence. In spite of his life-long tribulations with censors, he was himself considerable of a prude. He called *Lady Chatterley* a "phallic novel, but tender and delicate"; but he called *Ulysses* a "dirty" book. Norman Douglas said (as quoted in Nehls' excellent composite biography): "Lawrence was no Bohemian; he was a provincial, an inspired provincial with marked puritan leanings. He had a shuddering horror of Casanova's *Memoirs*; he was furious with a friend for keeping two mistresses instead of one, and even with the Florentine boys for showing an inch or two of bare flesh above the knee—"I don't like it! I don't like it! Why can't they wear trousers?"; my own improprieties of speech he ascribed to some perverse kink of my nature."

Thus we find that *Lady Chatterley* must be defended against its own author's private state of mind as found in others. Well, history is largely the

record of God-sure people butchering people who are differently God-sure, so it is a relatively minor irony that a literary rebel should want to impose bonds on other rebels. To protect Lawrence's work, we must see what he did not see; that the only sure route to freedom for him is via the freedom not only of Joyce and Casanova but of *Fanny Hill*, as well.

THE previously suppressed passages of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* are so numerous and so integral that no criticism based on the abridged version can have validity. Euphemism and ellipsis are maiming to a work which depends for its effect not only on certain sexual actions and reactions but also on a vulgar vocabulary. To "love" a woman did not mean the same thing to Lawrence as its ruder four-letter synonym. It is this confrontation of what may be called the facts of the facts of life that is an essential of this work. Whether this confrontation is artistically successful (as distinct from being morally permissible) is another, interesting subject.

Two of the most commonly held assumptions about this novel are that it is a symbolical work and that it is the story of a triangle. In my view, both these assumptions are wrong. It is an explicit *roman à thèse*, with nothing left symbolical, everything carefully spelled out; and it is the story of a quadrangle.

Lawrence's thesis, well-known, is that civilization is destroying the human spirit: that the intellect, as well as the machine, is the enemy of life: that we stand in this century (H-bomb or no) on the brink of destruction: and that only a return to a full life of the emotions can save us from withering and death. But these ideas are not merely symbolized in this book; every major character fully articulates his point of view. Nothing is left hinted at, shadowy or suggestive. Even Clifford's war wound is an absolute fact, completely utilized on the topmost level of the book, not a symbol like Jake's in *The Sun Also Rises*. The factories beyond the park, the dreariness of the Midland towns, the currents of English and world society, the meaning of Mellors' revolt, all these and more are dealt with in the explicit propagandistic vein of Ibsen and Zola at their most hortatory—as far removed from, say, the symbolic methods of Melville or some of Lawrence's other

work like *The Plumed Serpent* and *The Fox* as is imaginable. The poetry in this book, where it exists, lies in the emotional states arrived at openly by the characters, not in any symbolic illumination of forces beneath the surface of life.

This explicitness is further augmented by the quadrangle—by the pairing of Mrs. Bolton, the nurse, with Clifford as a balance for the pairing of Mellors with Connie. In this unabridged version it is clear that, in his impotent, lately childish fashion, Clifford is as sexually involved with his nurse as his wife is with the gamekeeper. The relationship

is necessarily different for physical reasons, but the outcome, in character development, is much the same. He becomes a fuller, more competent man. It is surely laboring the term "symbolism" to apply it to this patent (and literal) man-handling of the aristocrat by this deep-breasted working woman. Clifford himself, if not the critics, knows what has happened to him.

These two points aside, the most remarkable thing about the novel is that it seems considerably more than 31 years old. Consider that 1928, the year of its first publication, was also the year of *The Sound and the Fury* and that *The*

Sun Also Rises was already two years old, and you see not only an illustration of the difference between the novel's development here and in Britain; you see plainly that Lawrence is a man from the past coming forward, not an innovator. The Hemingway and Faulkner novels, from their first words, exist as themselves, unselfconscious and new. *Lady Chatterley* seems a late Edwardian novel, still trailing bits of plush as it pushes onward. To the present-day reader, it has a good deal of the air of *fin de siècle* rebellion—glimpsed 25 years later but still the same Free Love Marching and Chowder Society. And it

Gold Morning, Sweet Prince

WHAT the sad and passionate gay player of Avon avowed
With vivid exactness, eloquent variety is as immense
As the sea is. The sea which neither the humble nor the proud
Can dam, control, nor master. No matter what our sense
Of existence, or whence we came or where we hope and seek,
He knew us all before we were, he knew the strong, the weak,
The silly, the reticent, the pious, the powerful, the experience
Of fortune, sudden fame, extremes reversed, inevitable loss
Whether on land or sea. He knew mortality's immortality
And essential uncertainty as he knew the land and sea.

And knew the reality of nobility,
And saw the cowering, towering power of treachery:
He hated the flakes and butterflies of lechery.

And he believed, at times, in truth, hope, loyalty and charity.
See: he saw what was and what is and what has yet to come
to be:

A gentle monarch murdered in helpless sleep.
A girl by Regent Hypocrisy seduced.
A child by Archduke Ambition jailed and killed.
A loving, loyal wife by a husband loving and brave
Falsely suspected, accused—of handkerchiefs!
Stabbed by his love, his innocence, his trust
In the glib cleverness of a self-bating knave.
Look: Ophelia lolls and babbles in the river named Forever,
Never never never never never.
Cordelia is out of breath and Lear
Has learned at last that flattery is clever:
That words are free, sentiments inexpensive, vows
And declarations worthless and priceless: at last he knows
How true love is sometimes speechless, always sincere;
He knows—and knows too late—at last—how love was very
near and dear.

Are all hearts and all girls always betrayed?
Is love never beyond lust, disgust and distrust?
See: it is clear: Duncan is in his grave
And Desdemona weeps beneath the willow tree,
Having been granted little time to weep, pray or rave:
Is this the truth? the truth which is one, eternal, and whole?

Surely the noble, the innocent, the gifted and the brave
Sometimes—surely, at times—prevail. If one living soul
Is caught by cruelty and killed by trust
Whence is our consolation before or above the grave?

Ripeness is all: the rest is silence. Love
Is all. We are such stuff as love has made us
And our little life, green, ripe or rotten and rotted, is what
it is

Because of love accepted, rejected, refused and jilted, wilted,
faded or raided, neglected or betrayed.

Some are defeated, some are mistreated, some are fulfilled,
and some come to flower and succeed,

Knowing the patience of energy from the black root to the
rounding fruit:

And if this were not true, if love were not kind and cruel,
Generous and unjust, heartless and irresistible, painful to the
savant and gentle to the fool,

Fecund and various, wasteful and precarious, lavish, savage,
and tender, begetting the lion and the lamb,

The peacock, the spaniel, the tiger, the lizard, the chicken
hawk and the dove,

All would be nothing much, all would be trivial, nothing
would be enough, love would not be love:

For as there is no game and no victory when no one loses,
So there is no choice but the choice of love unless one chooses
Never to love, seeking immunity, discovering nothingness.

This is the only sanctuary, this is the only asylum unless
We hide in a dark ark, and deny or refuse to believe,
And refuse to hope, that there descends in the unknown
hidden night and loss the ultimate dove,
Crying forever with all the others who are damned and hope-
less that *love is not love*.

Gold morning, sweet prince, black night has always descend-
ed and has always ended:

Gold morning, prince of Avon, sovereign and king
Of reality, hope and speech: may all the angels sing
With all the sweetness and all the truth with which you sang
of any thing and every thing.

DELMORE SCHWARTZ

is this air that gives the repeated use of earthy language a tone of forced bravado rather than of healthy shock and peasant candor.

There are, too, a couple of nervousnesses in the book. First, although a major portion of the story deals with Connie's movement from the sterility of the educated upper classes to the pulsing elemental animalistic life of Mellors, Lawrence lacked the courage to make Mellors a pure animal, an O'Neill Hairy Ape. Mellors is not only a person of some intellect and education, he is also—with a nice bow to British proprieties—an ex-officer. The bet, therefore, is carefully hedged. Lawrence seems to have been afraid to make Mellors the ordinary countryman that a gamekeeper would usually be either because of a taint of conventional "appropriateness" left in his soul or because of a belief that an ordinary countryman would have made an uninteresting character. If either of these hypotheses is true, does that not impair his basic thesis? And if Lawrence felt he had to endow Mellors with some intellectual quality in order for Connie to be attracted to him, does not that too impair the thesis that salvation and worth reside in the sheerly elemental life?

The second nervousness is in relation to politics. The theme of Communism mutters through the novel like thunder on the horizon. It is discussed by various

characters. Mellors has "bolshivist books" in his bedroom. (In the first version of the novel the gamekeeper ended up as secretary of the local Communist Party.) Lawrence, with his extraordinary dog-like powers of scent, early sniffed the titanic changes for the world inherent in the Soviet revolution but lacked the intellectual courage or penetration to make decisions about them, pro or con. He could neither completely face them nor forget them.

Other curiosities might be noted. I do not understand Clifford's allowing his friends to use broad language in the presence of his wife, and I simply do not believe the way in which Connie's father jokes about her, sexually, with Mellors. There is an unsteadiness of control in points of view throughout the book, best exemplified by a little disquisition on the novel (by the intruding author) in Chapter Nine. Several times we are made aware of the author's chronic anti-Semitism—a fact largely glossed over in discussions of this love prophet.

But—and it is a large antithesis—in spite of its technical defects, its persistent air of hothouse freedom, its touches of fierce inverted snobbism, the novel finally triumphs over its faults. Its power derives from two factors, I believe. The first is Lawrence's total subscription to his work. This only seemingly contradicts the nervousnesses dis-

cussed above. The point is that *all* of Lawrence—imperfections and cripplings included—is thrown into his work, and his burning commitment carries him through the slightly ridiculous passages and the flaws. His fervor, born of revolt against smug morality and supercilious intellectualism, may be too vindictive to be whole-souled, but it is sufficient to sustain him through scenes that would sink a lesser man.

SECOND, his prophecies and beliefs seem to have been substantially validated by the passage of time. Civilization has not become, in as neat and pat a way as he thought, the slave of the machine; the wearing of red trousers by the villagers would do little for them now; but the pace and trend of modern life have to some degree anesthetized human feelings: have made large emotional experience very difficult in the Western world. The fight against intellectual conformity is much promulgated now, but the threat of emotional conformity is perhaps more important—since few people were ever intellectual non-conformists anyway. The sense of life as emotional adventure, as the opportunity to bare one's breast to the thorn and thus sing, is a diminishing one in our pre-packed, deep-freeze world. It may be that this is the root loss, the biggest price we have paid for technology and organization and factual knowledge; and it may be that only in the emotional man revived will it be possible to approach fullest truth. Of these beliefs Lawrence is a hobbled but dedicated spokesman.

That he is, in the most rigorous view, a great writer is worth doubting. That he is an important one is past question. The paradox of Lawrence, I believe, is that—unlike truly great artists—the more you have liberated yourself the less he means to you. Norman Douglas was perhaps cruelly accurate:

I think the writings of Lawrence have done good; his influence was needed by a large class of our fellow-creatures. He has done good negatively as a warning to thinkers and writers; positively, because his work is in the nature of a beneficent, tabu-shattering bomb. . . . Scholars and men of the world will not find much inspiration in his novels. Lawrence opened a little window for the bourgeoisie. That is his life-work.

The Excavator

BECOME, you said, your self
Where being is and seeming not:
Become without denial:

And touching lips to clod
Breathed into leaden agony
The agony of quick,

Of blood and flame and song.
Crusting scale and mire were shivered
With light clean burning through

Their shell, and fell away
To bare a hidden vessel's form.
Then world and heaven's cup

Sprang alive with sensing
And gleamed across the dark of time.
Into their sheltering bowl,

Become, you said: And there
Stood man the only miracle
And love the only soul.

HUBERT CREEKMORE

Who Is On the Side of Life?

by Gilbert A. Harrison

SOME WEEKS AGO in *The New Yorker*, Kenneth Tynan reviewed a play about atomic scientists (it closed before his review appeared). The play's principal conflict centered on whether the scientists ought to help develop atomic weapons. The third act answer was "no." Mr. Tynan was at war with himself, for he knows a bad play when he sees one; but he is also tor-

mented, as the rest of us are, by the thought of these unimaginably terrible weapons which may some day be used to kill and maim not only this generation but the next. And so he concludes his criticism by saying that whatever the play's dramatic demerits he cannot condemn it for its message is, after all, "on the side of Life."

The Fearful Choice:

A Debate on Nuclear Policy

conducted by Philip Toynbee

(Wayne State University Press; \$2.50)

mented, as the rest of us are, by the thought of these unimaginably terrible weapons which may some day be used to kill and maim not only this generation but the next. And so he concludes his criticism by saying that whatever the play's dramatic demerits he cannot condemn it for its message is, after all, "on the side of Life."

And those who differ? If we are not in favor of America's dumping its nuclear weapons into the sea, are we on the side of death? Philip Toynbee, whose plea for the renunciation of atomic armaments—without waiting for others—is the pivot of this fascinating symposium, suggests that we are. Mr. Toynbee, the son of the distinguished historian, has for most of his adult life believed in the necessity of force to defend justice. He was an ardent partisan of the Loyalists in Spain and of the Allies in World War II. Let me admit immediately that his conversion now to a pacifism of sorts does not persuade me. I cannot take it seriously. I cannot see that it confronts the realities of this world of contending ideas and powers and explains how his program might make life better or the future more secure for whatever life Mr. Toynbee and I think is worth living. He cries out in anguish and fear, and I cry with him. But what is to be done? There is more to it than that. His demand that we give up nuclear tests and the weapons they test, whatever others may do, (a demand that curiously has had only the faintest echo here) rests on the assumption

that the preservation of life is the highest good. If this is so, why have we ever fought? Have all wars been betrayals? "For all I know," the Archbishop of Canterbury replies to Toynbee, . . . it is within the providence of God that the human race should destroy itself in this manner. There is no evidence that the human race is to last for ever and plenty in Scripture to the contrary effect. Though, as you say, the suffering entailed by nuclear war would be ghastly in its scale, one must remember that each person can only suffer so much; and I do not know that the men and women affected would suffer more than those who day by day are involved in some appalling disaster. There is no aggregate measure of pain. Anyhow, policy must not be based simply on fear of pain. I am not unfeeling. Christ in his Crucifixion showed us how to suffer creatively. He did not claim to *end* suffering, nor did He bid His disciples to avoid suffering.

"I am, I suppose," Toynbee writes, "very nearly a complete one [pacifist], not because I think it wrong to kill in all circumstances but because I feel sure that any large-scale war in the future is capable of turning into a nuclear war and that nuclear war is beyond the bounds of what I feel to be tolerable." He is then asked by the Liberal Party leader, Joseph Grimond, exactly what he means by "very nearly." "Pacifism? Conventional arms only? Apparently the latter. If so, on what scale: On a scale to match Russia's war effort? Conscript?—tactical atomic weapons—600 submarines?" Toynbee does not reply in his rebuttal, for this is not the level on which he can be engaged. And that is why, though Toynbee is a serious advocate, and though the subject is certainly serious, I cannot take him seriously. "I am not," he says, "an expert on international affairs." What then are his credentials as our advisor on world politics, strategies of defense, means of assuring our national survival? ("Nothing is changed," another contributor to the symposium says, "by a gesture.") Are his qualifications only

those of a kind heart and a talented pen? If so, it is not enough.

Let us give Toynbee his turn. He may be right. In this age, a plausible case can be made for pacifism—not on traditional moral grounds alone, but on the ground of self-preservation. This case was made here and in Britain before World War II; Toynbee did not then accept it. But he properly points out that something new has been added. The weapon of radiation has since been invented; it is a weapon that not only kills the ones at whom it is aimed, but may rob the land and those who inhabit it of fertility—of a future. And this makes all the difference. Since the revolution in weapons has been so radical, Toynbee implies, a revolution in attitudes must likewise take place. If others are mad, we must be sane. The circle must be broken. And so, Britain should immediately "renounce the use and possession of our nuclear weapons and we must refuse to allow the continued presence of American arms on our soil." He is not anti-American. But he is thinking of those boastful statements of American generals and of the possibility that somewhere, someday, far down the line, someone will make a mistake. There will be an accident, a misread message, a corporal who loses his head, and an atomic war will have been triggered. "It is better to betray an alliance than to *betray the human race . . .*" (italics added).

BUT who speaks here? A guardian of the human race or an Englishman who hopes that at least his own land can be spared? It is an impolite question, but it must be asked. For however little he may know of international affairs, Mr. Toynbee must know that there is almost no likelihood that nuclear disengagement by Britain would simultaneously or even shortly thereafter bring about the abandonment of nuclear weapons by the super-powers, the US and the USSR. I leave aside China and France and other nations which seem bent on making their own atomic weapons. The disarmament Toynbee and every other civilized person wants may come, after long negotiations in which the capacity of each side to defend itself and grievously harm the other will be an important factor. In the last analysis his argument rests on the hope that *should* nuclear war occur, a Britain which had

chosen the path of neutrality might be by-passed by the bombs.

But let us go further. The point (no, the feeling, for we are dealing here not with a scholar, a politician or theologian, but an artist) is made best and most simply in the symposium by E. M. Forster. "I don't feel," he writes, "hopeful of our chances to escape—while continuing to hope, which seems a usual attitude. It's the threat to other people that becomes so upsetting. There was a baby in our Christmas gathering up in the Midlands, and the contrast between the love it expected and received and the cruelty maturing for it outside was at moments unbearable."

This is the clutch at the heart. This is the nerve that throbs when we listen to George Kennan. For it is far less Kennan's logic or his analysis of Soviet intentions that grips us; we are carried away at the moment he himself is carried away by the sudden, awful vision of the fate of children, when he asks whether any of us has any *right* to so act as to permit the possibility that they will experience the agonies of nuclear devastation. The real moral point, Toynbee says, is that "we should no longer talk of dying to the last man but of killing to the last child. I would say, of torturing to the last child." And if it is put that way, what are we to reply? We are not Abrahams. But put it another way: ought we to mortgage our children to the consequences of our fears?

And what might the consequences of

the Toynbee policy be? He anticipates them candidly, granting that it is at least conceivable that "If the West accepted Russian terms now, the result would be the total domination of the world by Russia within a few years." But it is a risk worth taking, for "it is a question of allowing the human race to survive, possibly under the domination of a regime which most of us detest, or of allowing it to destroy itself in appalling and prolonged anguish." Yet he cannot leave it at that. And so he calls upon time and human nature for reassurance. There is, after all, a "natural longing of the human race for freedom and the right to develop—a longing, whatever cynics may say, which is at least as strong as the opposite longing for chaos and death." (To whom is it "natural"? The civilized Englishman? The Christian non-conformist? One who longs for the resurrection of the dead hopes of the Popular Front '30's? And how odd it is to find Toynbee and John Foster Dulles united by a common faith that decency will out because that is the way we are made.)

TOYBEE continues: "If all British parents of young children were asked whether their children should be killed now—and perhaps painfully—perhaps alone—or be allowed to survive under Communism, how many would choose the first . . . At least they should say, if they are in favor of the nuclear 'deterrent', that they would rather risk the death of their children than the submission of their children to the Communist future." And before parents choose, let them also ask themselves whether they really believe "that the children who grow up under Communism are so distorted, so warped, so dehumanized that they would be better dead."

The criticisms of Toynbee are many, and I should note some of them. But let me underscore that although this is offered as a "debate," it is a debate which is never joined. Feelings rather than facts dominate. Richard Lowenthal of *The Observer* tries to steer the discussion back to international affairs: "If the Soviet experts are right in thinking that the Russians will primarily rely on political and economic means of expansion rather than war (Toynbee himself thinks this is so, but uses it as evidence that nuclear weapons are unnecessary), the deterrent is one of the main reasons

for that." Moreover, Lowenthal maintains, "while it deters any serious aggression, both nuclear and conventional, it also greatly reduces the power of the Soviets to use the threat of such aggression as a weapon of political blackmail—and thus makes their political and economic methods conform more nearly to their own description of 'peaceful coexistence'." Lowenthal is "consciously prepared to run the continued risk of 'race suicide by accident' rather than accept the alternative certainty of race slavery by design." But he can make his choice only because he believes that "the risk need not automatically increase, but may [through negotiations] be deliberately reduced."

I mentioned that the debate is not clearly joined. Neither is there agreement among the symposium contributors on whether nuclear war (where? with what weapons? how prolonged?) must in fact be equated with the "destruction of the human race." Toynbee admits at one point that "none of us *knows*—not even, it would seem, the scientists. What we do know is that these weapons are infinitely more destructive than any that have been used before and that, unlike all previous weapons, they will have an effect on future generations." It is a fair point.

Shall we then stand up and be counted "on the side of Life?" A gesture may not change anything outwardly, but the spirit within is quickened and that is something in a day when so many have come to feel that all protest is peripheral, if not absurd. And as for the consequences of going it alone—Communist blackmail, conquest, all the rest—these can be faced later. Perhaps by our children. And they can then decide what is to be done with the life we have saved.

Notes on Contributors

STANLEY KAUFFMANN is the author of several novels, one of which, *The Philanderer*, was recently prosecuted for obscenity and acquitted by a British court. DELMORE SCHWARTZ is preparing a new book of poems. HUBERT CREEKMORE's books include a novel, *The Fingers of Night*. R. C. RAACK is on the history faculty of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. JACK RAYMOND was formerly a *New York Times* correspondent in the USSR.

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Exploring Soviet Intentions

by Jack Raymond

JOURNALISTS and politicians—but apparently not the authors of these books—are fond of quoting Winston Churchill's description of the Soviet regime as a "riddle wrapped in a mystery inside of an enigma." Mr. Churchill's famous aphorism seems a useful argument for despairing of ever learning why they behave like Russians. But a fuller quotation indicates that he did not mean

War and the Soviet Union
by H. S. Dinerstein
(Praeger; \$5.50)

Protracted Conflict
by Robert Strausz-Hupe
William R. Kintner,
James E. Dougherty, and
Alvin J. Cottrell
(Harper; \$3.95)

that Russian behavior is void of any logic and its motivations impenetrable.

Here is what the newly appointed First Lord of the Admiralty said, in a speech in the House of Commons, Oct. 1, 1939, after both the Soviet Union and Nazi Germany shared the territory of prostrate Poland: "I cannot forecast to you the action of Russia. It is a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma; but perhaps there is a key. That key is Russian national interest." And Churchill said, in the same passage: "It cannot be in accordance with the interest or the safety of Russia for Germany to expand Eastward to the Baltic and across the Balkan Peninsula."

The Russians themselves had set the stage for the German advance with the Ribbentrop-Molotov agreement of August 14. History proved Churchill wiser than Stalin in interpreting "the interest or the safety of Russia," although at the time Churchill himself expressed the view that the Russians were justified in moving their line Westward to meet the oncoming Nazis.

It is useful to recall both the 1939 statement and the events of that terrible prelude to World War II. Then as now Germany was a factor in guiding Russian national interests. Then as now some people soon despaired of understanding,

not to speak of dealing with, the Russians.

The authors of *War and the Soviet Union* and *Protracted Conflict* have tried to look through Russian eyes as well as their own. H. S. Dinerstein is one of the growing host of scholars of Soviet behavior who have demonstrated that a great deal can be learned of Soviet thinking even in the most sensitive areas of military enterprise. Unfortunately, his chief conclusion too neatly fits into the doctrine of the United States Air Force which is the major Government agency that employs the Rand Corporation. This is a private study group, of which Mr. Dinerstein is a senior staff member.

Mr. Dinerstein says that the Soviet leaders, after a "great debate," have adopted a policy which includes the strategy of dealing a "pre-emptive blow." The Soviets, he believes, have concluded that they may be forced to forestall a "planned" United States attack. As Mr. Dinerstein puts it, "in crude terms," to "beat the enemy to the draw."

One of the chief premises of Mr. Dinerstein's thesis is an article by Tank Marshal Rotmistrov in the Soviet professional journal *Military Thought*, in 1954. In that article, Mr. Dinerstein emphasizes, the Soviet Military theorist said that the Soviet Union "should always be ready for pre-emptive action against the aggressor's schemes." Marshal Rotmistrov is further quoted: "The duty of the Soviet Armed Forces is not to permit an enemy surprise attack on our country and, in the event of an attempt to accomplish one, not only to repel the attack successfully but also to deal the enemy counterblows, or even pre-emptive [*uprezhdaiushchie*] surprise blows, of terrible destructive force. For this the Soviet Army and Navy possess everything necessary."

Mr. Dinerstein quotes other generals and other editorials to reinforce his point, noting particularly the repetition of the phrase "pre-emptive blow." Yet one can imagine the kind of case that the Soviets could bring up to prove that the United States is considering precisely the same thing. For example, Secretary of Defense McElroy told a Con-

gressional committee: "Our policy is that we will not attack first. . . . That is currently true. Whether that will always be true, I think could be something else."

And President Eisenhower has said: "The right of self-preservation is just as instinctive and natural for a nation as it is for the individual. Therefore, if we know we are at any moment under a threat of attack—it would be evidenced by missiles or planes coming in our direction—then we have to act just as rapidly as is possible, and is humanly possible, to defend ourselves."

In other words, beat the enemy to the draw.

To question Mr. Dinerstein's conclusions—which may well be right but which he does not prove—is not to question the major contribution he makes. The author puts in a new perspective the great struggle within the Kremlin over policies and personalities. The perspective is a military one, too often ignored by sages of current politics and diplomacy—as though learning more about the military is in itself militaristic. In this perspective of Soviet developments, Mr. Dinerstein traces a great debate in which Khrushchev and Malenkov were among the protagonists. It concerned whether war was inevitable, whether it was about to break out, whether the Soviet Union had all the weapons it needed, and whether a surprise attack could be decisive in a big war.

In this debate, the author points out, Khrushchev argued that the West was indeed bent on war; that the Soviet Union did not have all the weapons it needed; that heavy industry required precedence over consumer industries. And in this debate also a Soviet colonel was able to directly contradict the words of Khrushchev, already the victor over both Malenkov and about ready to dispose of Marshal Zhukov. Mr. Dinerstein's outline of some of the details of Soviet thinking is most rewarding.

IN the study of Communist strategy by Strausz-Hupe and the others, many of the warnings developed by Dinerstein come out in another form. But *Protracted Conflict* deals more fundamentally with Soviet ideas, although it is no less liberal in its interpretation of ambiguous Communist statements.

Mr. Dinerstein warns us about Soviet military doctrine. Mr. Strausz-Hupe and

his associates at the University of Pennsylvania's Foreign Policy Research Institute warn of Soviet political ideology and they have some crackling things to say about Western policy at the same time. The authors of *Protracted Conflict* hold an organic view of history in which they seem to accept the inevitability of certain developments, just as the Communists themselves do. They offer the concept of protracted conflict, with alternating wars and revolutions on a grand scale, much in the manner of 17th Century philosophers who were convinced of the immutability of natural laws.

"War in our epoch is not an isolated, capricious phenomenon which flouts the 'normal' peaceful progress of history," they contend. "The term 'protracted conflict' is as convenient as it is precise. The current struggle for the mastery of the globe has been waged for five decades, albeit by diverse contenders. It will continue. . . . Even if the present parties to the conflict would seek, by mutual consent, to compose it now, the liquidation of most contested issues would not be completed within the life span of this generation."

Can there not be "peace in our time?" The authors deny that they "believe that protracted conflict need be the eternal lot of mankind," but time and again this is precisely their presumption. "The doctrine of protracted conflict," they write, "prescribes a strategy for annihilating the opponent over a period of time by limited operations, by feints and maneuvers, psychological maneuvers and diverse forms of violence." It may include limited wars, general wars; its essence is that not only does it have an objective of world conquest, it is in itself a method of conflict.

It was Lenin, say the authors, who tailored Marxist doctrine to the realities of the systematic revolution (which "like that of the business cycle is woven from the actions of masses of men who neither understand nor desire what they are about to fashion") and launched the Soviet strategy for the subversion of the colonial world, an added target to the one already set up in Europe.

The authors cite the shifting tides of political and military policies, concentrate on Soviet post-World-War-II behavior in Europe, the Far East, the Middle East, and Africa. Logically, they call attention to the latest Berlin crisis

as "a dramatic application" of the strategy of protracted conflict.

What worries Mr. Strausz-Hupe and his colleagues is that the Communists know they are in a struggle, but the West's non-Communists do not seem to know it. The authors say, "we are not 'containing' the Communists: they are containing us—behind a constantly shrinking perimeter of Free World defenses."

They, like so many others, demand a more "dynamic" foreign policy to oppose the Communists. But they do more: Why, they ask, has the West agreed to the Russian proposition that Eastern Europe is a place where the war is over?—

The contention, often heard in our midst, that the underdeveloped world represents increasingly the decisive battlefield of the Cold War bespeaks the success of Communist strategy in distracting our attack from the most vulnerable sector of the protracted conflict—the Communist system itself.

Western inaction in Hungary in 1956 is their ringing example. And they offer some moderately plausible ideas of what could have been done at the time to forestall Soviet suppression of the Hungarian revolution. "Soviet leadership and the leadership of the Communist parties in Europe are still off balance," they add. "The sands have not yet run out." What the West must do

is to recognize that conflict is not in itself an aberration of the norm, that the struggle between opposing systems remains "inevitable." The Soviets already know this to their advantage, say Mr. Strausz-Hupe and his associates.

The thesis of inevitable and protracted conflict with the Russians is more dolorous than the warning of a potential "pre-emptive blow" by the Russians. Instinctively one is inclined not to flinch before such pessimistic assaults upon a natural, democratic optimism. And indeed the authors themselves seem to recoil from their own prophecies. Mr. Dinerstein waters down his original thesis considerably in the closing chapters of his book. And Messrs. Strausz-Hupe *et al.* may jolt us with the italicized warning that the Russians will win World War III, but they pat us assuringly on the back with the subsequent observation that the United States is really stronger and "should" win in the long run.

It is not clear whether the "long run" is beyond World War III, or what the track would then look like. But it is clear that the warnings of these men should be heard. Mr. Strausz-Hupe is perfectly right in demanding that the United States and the West stop sitting mesmerized by the advancing front ranks of Communism and start taking advantage of discontentment behind that false-front vanguard.

The Depths of Post-Freudian Man

by R. C. Raack

DESPITE Bertolt Brecht's years of exile from Nazi Germany which he spent with us, we are familiar with only a few of his works. While this is partly attributable to translation difficulties, the resistance to Brecht of our theatres (and perhaps of our theatre audiences as well) must be ascribed above all to unwillingness to hear a play-

The Theatre of Bertolt Brecht
by John Willett
(New Directions; \$8)

wright with militant Communist sympathies. And yet, unrevised Marxist though he was, Brecht penetrated the depths of post-Freudian man. Willett is well aware

of this apparent self-contradiction, as have been almost all Brecht's commentators, but he never resolves satisfactorily this riddle of juxtaposed opposites. It is the one significant lapse in an otherwise impressive work.

Willett tells how Brecht came of age during the years of great hopes for the success of the revolution in Russia. His early dramas were written during the post-World-War-I search for stability. In Weimar Berlin, Brecht identified himself with the new and provocative artistic innovators. His perception of the absurd hypocrisies in bourgeois society enhanced for him the attractions of Marxism. Brecht never became a Communist, at least he never held a party card, yet

he was always available when the party needed him.

But despite this attachment his last years in East Berlin must have been difficult for a man of Brecht's "acute consciousness." Could he really content himself, as he remarked to one reporter, with the thought that his state-sponsored theatre group, the Berliner Ensemble, was apolitical? If he did, this was indeed extraordinary self-deception for a man who in theory asserted that the theatre should be based on an appeal to the reason of the audience and whose drama, *Der Hofmeister*, dealt by analogy with the moral self-castration of the historically non-political German intellectual. It is more likely that this remark faces us once again with what Willett, for want of a better explanation, calls Brecht's "taste for the unresolved incompatibility."

BRECHT's theatre was a didactic device. Yet he rejected in theory the traditional naturalist concept of identifying the viewer with the lesson by means of the realism of the stage situation. With this rejection, he, for his own part, also disposed of the basic precepts of a socialist-realist stage. Instead, he proposed that the viewer be alienated from identifying himself with the stage action so that he could be constantly reminded that he was being taught. This, Brecht thought, would enforce the message on the viewer's consciousness.

Whether or not Brecht's theories came after the fact, as has been alleged, the effectiveness of the plays is unquestionable. They may be raw and ribald, but Brecht is in dead earnest. We are caught up by the circumstance that brings suffering to the world and want to shout along with him: This is the way the world is, but it need not be so! We will not have to be reminded when we leave the theatre after *Mother Courage* that war is stupid and that it does not live "on lead alone"; or that the things of this world should go to those who can make the most of them, his message in *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*.

But Brecht is at his best, and at his most enigmatic, in such plays as *The Good Woman of Setzuan*. The theme of *Setzuan* he touched upon often, but it is most clearly outlined in the dual personality of Shen Te, the kindly prostitute on whom the gods have smiled because they believe her to be a truly good

person; and her alter ego Shui Ta, the exploiter whose evil profits permit Shen Te's philanthropies. Here is seen most strikingly Brecht's insistence on the duality of human nature. His stress upon ruthlessness for the purpose of kindness recalls Willett's remark that the Communists seemed admirable to young Brecht because they were tough and disillusioned. Brecht knew men well, and his skepticism—one might almost say cynicism—with respect to their possibilities was never absent. The paradox of the intellectual do-gooder who loves humanity but who cannot abide unwashed man is not uniquely Brechtian, but it was Brecht. His theatre aimed at the reason of the audience and hit its emotions, while Brecht himself reacted with his emotions to the dilemma his reason had uncovered. His historical plays are bad history (the Thirty Years War was something more than an economic struggle); his *reportage* was mangled by a persistent desire to see things as he was already convinced that they were (Los Angeles of the 1940's is described in terms suitable for 19th-Century Manchester). But, as Willett tells us, Brecht was not much concerned with the accuracy of reporting as long as he could successfully exploit the situation for his "lesson."

Brecht was, however, a political figure and not just a poet. It is as both that he must be judged, though Willett chooses not to do so. Brecht saw the rottenness of the world and was indignant. He called for change and yet knew intuitively that real change required more than going to the barricades. But he never ceased to urge us to go to the barricades. My guess is that he felt that any change would be an improvement and that out of change, though it might produce temporary evil, good could eventually come. The words of the chorus of judgment in his *Die Massnahme* of 1930 anticipate strikingly the antithesis of Shen Te-Shui Ta of 1943:

With whom should the just not join
To forward the cause of justice?
What kind of medicine tastes bad to
the dying?
What kind of depravity would you not
bring about
In order to root out depravity forever?

* * *

Yes, submerge us in filth,
Embrace the executioner,

But transform the world,
It needs it!

John Willett is, on the whole, content with relating the facts of Brecht as dramatist and dramatic theorist. As such, his book is an enrichment of the theatrical and intellectual history of our time. He treads carefully through a chapter on politics, cautioning that the facts are not all in on Brecht or on the (East) German Democratic Republic. Willett was obliged to tread this narrow path, for his study, written with cooperation of Brecht's family and the East German authorities, is, in a sense, official. He avoids the painful necessity of ultimate judgment by finding that Brecht's commitment to Marxism gave a direction to his work which might have otherwise ended in pure cynicism or nihilism.

Willett concludes with some very welcome remarks on the failure of intellectuals of East and West to become aware of each other's products. Here he is right: our Western intellectual estrangement from the East is largely self-imposed, and is partly based on the assumption that all Communist art has been sterilized by Zhdanovism. Willett shows us how untrue this is with respect to Brecht.

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ART

Inside and Outside: Miro and Salemme

MANY MONTHS ago we had occasion, on this page, to note one small but fairly consistent difference between American painting and European painting of the 20th Century. The work under discussion was Cubism. The trans-Atlantic point of difference was the private as opposed to the public. To be sure, if we accept the idea that Cubism began with Picasso's "Demoiselles d'Avignon," that beginning was apparently a public scene in a public house. But the whole spate of lovely pictures subsequently made by Picasso, Braque, Gris and the rest are mostly based upon private events, objects and persons. The pattern of a cane bottomed chair, the shape of a guitar, the wood graining from a table top or from an imitation wood wallpaper, a bottle of wine, a pipe, a book, some sheets of music, the mast-head of the morning paper—the most casual remembrance of that large body of work brings to the mind scores of such homely household goods. Furthermore, as time stretches out between ourselves and those paintings, the nature and meaning of these objects begins to emerge, to reveal itself after decades of disregard, in which the objects were glibly accepted as mere excuses for exercises in arrangement and juxtaposition. The arrangements and juxtapositions are there, all right, but there is also significance in the all but universal choice of the intimate things of the home, of private life, as subject matter.

The significance begins to become clear when all those French paintings are considered in relation to the considerable body of American work they influenced. Think of Sheeler, of Georgia O'Keeffe, of Demuth; think of Stuart Davis. All of these and many other Americans of this century may be said to be cubist in some sense or other. Yet in all, the subject of the bulk of the work is the public world. The overwhelming majority of the French pictures are interiors; the Americans are painting the out-of-doors, often an industrial or urban out-of-doors, but at any rate a scene that is equally available to all and to all at once.

The difference holds for the best known kinds of art in both countries

immediately prior to cubism. In France, the Intimists; in the United States, the Eight. From one point of view the intimists brought Impressionism into the house. The recent Bonnard show at the Phillips Gallery, Washington, filled a large room with that painter's work and it was all a combination of the Impressionist glow and the inside look. Beyond the gentle interiors that Bonnard and Vuillard turned out with such quiet love, they managed the trick of changing the public view into a private one. One of the big pictures in the Phillips show was a stretched out view of the city, bay and distant mountain; yet right in the center foreground appeared a close-up of a girl's head and shoulders in the shade. The public view is drawn into the private one.

The trick is reversed in one of the most famous pictures of John Sloan, "Turning out the Light." The subject is as intimate as you could wish; the tired couple in bed, the woman reaching for the string of the light bulb overhead before falling into unconsciousness. Yet Sloan framed it with the window and put a bit of palpable space between the spectator and the sill. We aren't in the room at all. We're in the street.

And, of course, the vast body of the American Eight's pictures are public, as are those of their successors. We stroll around the Battery in the snow. We watch a cab pull away from the old Lafayette. We sit in Central Park. We see a girl cross Washington Square or a horse car stop near Boston Common. All kinds of vaudeville performers are caught in the act. We take in the fights or take the ferry. We watch the El take a curve.

It is tempting to push the idea backward in time, recalling Homer's public seas, Eakins' boat races, medical demonstrations, concert singers, and by contrast the private world of Watteau's *fêtes*. But the occasion of these reflections was the recent fortuitous conjunction of two exhibitions, back to back on 53rd and 54th Streets in New York, that seem to carry the idea a step forward, beyond Cubism. These were the big Miro show at the Museum of Modern Art and

the memorial retrospective of Attilio Salemme at the Whitney.

The two men have enough in common to make a comparison justified. Both created a set of infinitely variable shapes which, while never suggesting the actual appearance of reality, nevertheless invariably referred to the world at large and referred to it from a particular, intellectual point of view. In common, too, is a flat space in which these shapes exist and move. Miro's space is vague, existing chiefly as colored air in which the flat shapes move. Salemme's space is really three dimensional, though it always looks flat at first glance. The figures, too, are solid, though they strike the eye as flat at first. The space is bounded, usually, by planes, in flat colors. The figures look like painted wood blocks occupying a model stage set. Miro's figures in luminous space, on the other hand, look like creatures seen through a microscope.

THE LAST comparison is apt enough, for if one subject persists throughout Miro's work, once that individual style was achieved, it is biological sex. Line drawings of detached breasts and testicles are not infrequent, but even more regularly recurring are squiggling forms that we recognize eventually as aggressive spermatozoa making purposefully for isolated ova.

Despite the dream fantasy element in Salemme's paintings, the main concern is really a public matter, a social affair. The clothespin figures are in relation to one another in some kind of public event. "The Inquisition" was painted in 1952, one of the McCarthy years. The spectator is confronted by five of the abstract totem pole figures, plus a folded beach umbrella with small wings on top. There is a vertical slab of a tombstone. Thomas M. Messer, who assembled the show, mentions Kafka rather than contemporary painters as near this picture in feeling and there is something of the baffling doom of "The Trial" present. The chief inquisitor stands on a green and white striped path that leads to a blue wall. The painter wrote of the picture, "Once we are on this path there is no unmaimed escape." His achievement here and in numerous of his other works was to take a dialect of the private language of modern painting and speak clearly in it of our common fate.

FRANK GETLEIN

MUSIC

The Bewitched

WHILE the American opera season was in progress at the New York City Center during the month of April, an important musico-dramatic event took place at the Juilliard School: the New York premiere (there were two performances) of Harry Partch's "dance-satire" *The Bewitched*.

Interest in Partch centers around his reputation as a radical innovator. For, though Partch is (at the age of 58) a living legend, his representative music is almost never heard. In this respect, his career is similar to that of the late Charles Ives. However, Partch is much more radical than Ives ever was. More radical than Schoenberg, Bartok or as any other really famous innovator of the last 50 years. For Partch's radicalism lies in attacking the pitch-structure of Western music itself, by an elaborate system of tuning that gives you about four times as many notes as there are on the piano within the same general range.

In order to get all these nameless notes, Partch has invented and constructed a whole battery of instruments; each of them is, I believe, unique, and the score of *The Bewitched* calls for some twenty of them, in addition to a singing voice and a small group of conventional instruments. Aside from giving off pleasant sounds, these experimental instruments are nice to look at, and Partch has obligingly put them on stage as decorations. One of the prettiest is an agglomeration of suspended silver gongs that looks like a display of Christmas tree ornaments. Another, a kithara with 72 strings rammed into opposite banks and higher than your head, is played by two men facing each other. (Partch calls it the "Castor and Pollux," and Lord knows how it is tuned.) The "Marimba Eroica" is as big as a bed and made out of planks; when you hit it with what looks like an out-size powder-puff, it makes a bell-like sound.

Partch is, of course, not the first Western composer to try his hand at microtones. As long as 35 years ago, the post-romantic Ernest Bloch and the Czech Expressionist Alois Haba employed microtones for the purpose of heightening emotional tension. Most of the time, they sounded not only dismal (probably

by intention) but out of tune as well. Partch, on the other hand, contrives to be gracious, elegant and full of fun. Like Stravinsky, he is able to reconcile seriousness at the technical level with frivolousness at the aesthetic level. His music is forthright and vigorous. I found his melodic material difficult to retain, but fresh and pleasant as it passed by. There seemed to be no straining after effects, though this is probably because the "effects," particularly those of instrumental color, are the fabric out of which the music is made. The impression is that Partch is completely relaxed in his style and that he gets a tremendous pleasure out of working in it.

Partch is obviously deeply influenced by the music of the East, as well as certain of the Oriental philosophies. The effect of these influences shows up in *The Bewitched* in the sonority of his orchestra, in the plot-substance of the dancing, and in the attempt (usually so boring when an Occidental tries it) to make a true fusion of music, words and dancing. The work is highly symbolical and ever-so-slightly surrealistic, so there is a good chance that the listener will miss or misinterpret some of Partch's subtler points. Broadly, however, the work is a spoof of us Occidentals. The Witch appears to be no less a figure than Western Civilization itself and the Bewitched are, of course, all of us. The work unfolds in ten scenes—it could easily have been more or less—in which we Occidentals are exposed in some of our more familiar postures.

After the performance that I attended, a friend of mine suggested that Partch was a sadly neglected composer. What really amazes me is that Partch has any performances at all. Just consider the expense and trouble that go into preparing a Partch work. For a starter, the musicians have to be taught how to play the instruments that Partch has invented. And the instruments themselves—remember, they are unique—have to be obtained. The cost of moving the instruments from one part of the country to another is, in itself, so high as to discourage performance. When you add the cost of training the players, the enterprise becomes prohibitively expensive to

established groups of professional musicians. *The Bewitched*—both in its premiere in 1957 and its recent New York performance—was executed by students and faculty of the University of Illinois—performers unable to command Union rates (or, for that matter, any rates at all). And still, it took thousands of dollars in foundation grants to move the production from Illinois to New York for this occasion.

Because of the expenses entailed in playing it, Partch's work will remain virtually inaccessible, while Partch will become an increasingly legendary figure. I doubt very much that the situation can be corrected by recordings, because Partch's concept calls for a theatre with nice things to look at as well as pleasant sounds to hear. He is one of the few radical composers whose music is immediately attractive to almost everybody, and it is a pity that his work is not likely to become more widely known.

ROBERT EVETT

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